

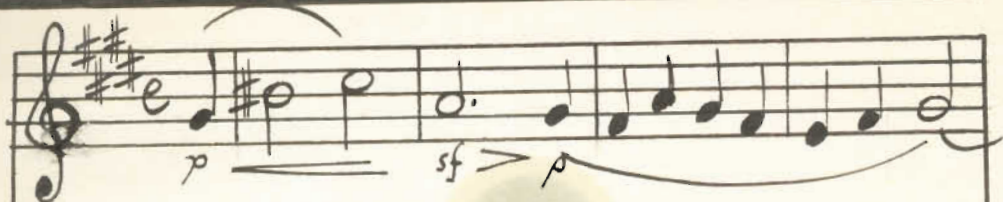
To Barrie
Love from Katie
1958.

It is a real pleasure for us to
sign your book again, here, in
HOBART, TASMANIA --- 1964.

Zoltan Szelley
Michael Kuther

John Voronko

Gabriel Magyar



QUATUOR HONGROIS

Johann Fiedler

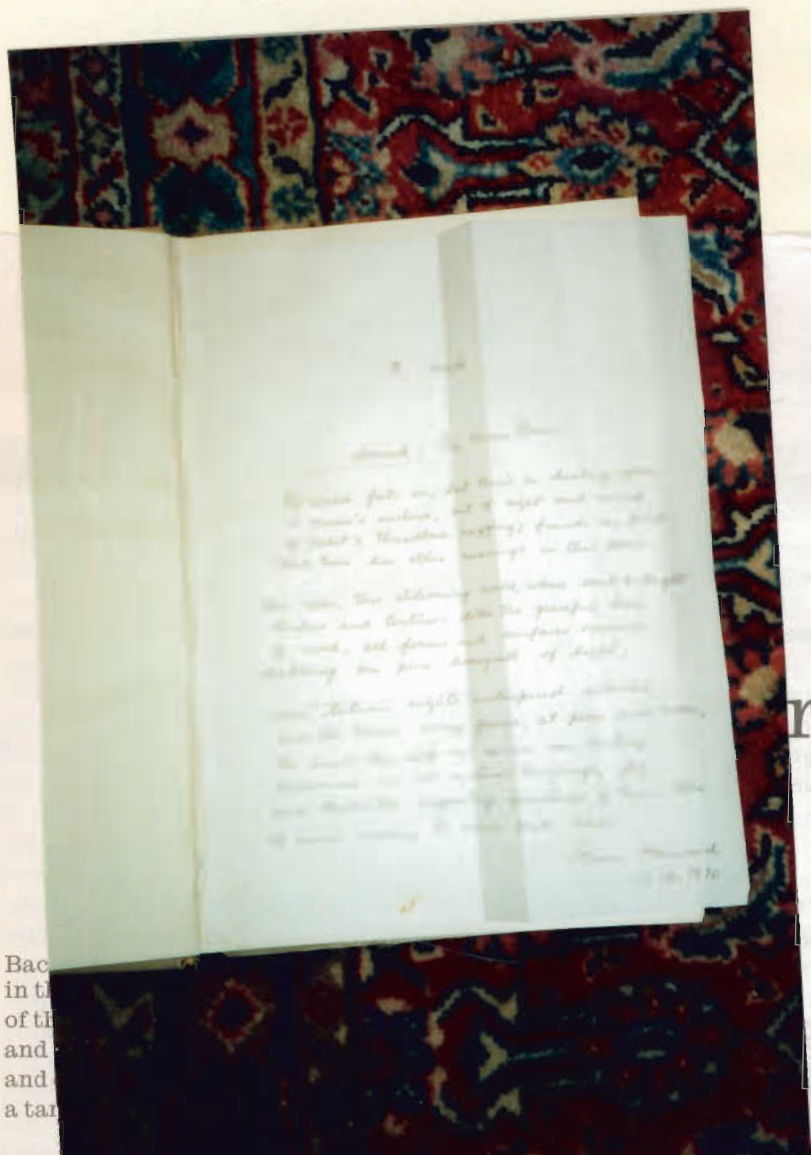
Michael Kutter

Jean Krumpal

Jane Ulayes

à PARIS. FÉVRIER MCMLXI





Bac
in t
of th
and
and
a tan

Her dream is to stand in the midst of everything
with a silver comb in her hand and a bauhinia
resting like a butterfly on her shoulder.
She will be warm again, drenched in living sweat
that cools and leaves her skin bathed in shadows;
she will have returned to the childhood rip of rainwater
after storms and the afternoon sea breeze
— her oldest lover — blessed as heaven itself,
as if it had been eating red carnations by the dozen
and yellow allamanda all morning.

Gwen Harwood
died in Hobart
Tuesday December 5.
1995

To Barrie

Sonnet: The Music Room

The world fits on, but there's a healing space
in music's enclave, out of sight and mind
of habit's threadbare nagging; friends can find
that time has other meanings in this place,

this room, this welcoming world, where dark & bright
lustres and textures clothe the graceful line
of wood, all forms and surfaces combine
distilling one pure honeycomb of light,

where, between nights untempered silences
and the town's noisy games, at peace once more,
the heart, the self no sorrow can destroy,
discourses in its natural language, joy,
and tastes the unfailing sweetness of time's store
of music waiting to revive and bless.

Gwen Harwood

13. IX. 1970

黃花秋月何時了。

前事知多少。

小樓昨夜吹東風，

故園不堪回首明月中。

漫堂詞

一九六〇年二月十一日五時書

from Memorial Concert
Gwen Buchanan

det?

Ruh'n in Frieden, alle Seelen

from Litany - To the memory of Graeme Buchanan
Copyright - Gwen Harwood

I heard you play this once for a young singer
who could not quite encompass Schubert's phrases,
yet only those who knew the song could tell
how you lifted her beyond the limitations

of her imperfect skill, drew us all closer
together in the music. Take your rest
beloved musician, teacher, friend, whose gifts
are carried, life to life, by many hands.

PROGRAMME

Rhapsody in B minor, Op.79, No.1

... Brahms
(1833 - 1897)

Intermezzo in A major, Op.118, No.2

ROSLYN LANGLOIS - piano

Le Spectre de la Rose from Nuits d'Été

... Berlioz
(1803 - 1869)

Absence

Zueignung

... R. Strauss
(1864 - 1949)

Morgen

HELENA BURY - soprano

LINDA NICHOLLS - piano

Piano Quartet in Eb major, Op.47

... Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

Sostenuto assai - Allegro ma non troppo

Scherzo

Andante Cantabile

Vivace

OLINDA TRIO -
LYNDAL EDMISTON - violin
RUTH SAFFIR - cello
LEON STEMLER - piano
with
KEITH CRELLIN - viola

INTERVAL - 20 minutes

Fantasy in F minor, Op.49

... Chopin
(1810 - 1849)

BERYL SEDIVKA - piano

Concerto for Violin, Strings & Continuo, in G major

... Haydn

Allegro

Adagio

Presto

JAN SEDIVKA - violin

Directed by KEITH CRELLIN
- harpsichord

T.M.T.A. wishes to thank most sincerely members of the Tasmanian Conservatorium
and the University of Tasmania for their generous co-operation.

Bird Sanctuary.

I came down to the tidelines bay
from hills sketched in rain
to light than flickers the pencil read
to where these swans remain

and sail with slim and supple necks
over the water's rippled weed,
with necks and shadows sinking
in the cautious lengthened shade:

not knowing I would find
these water birds moving
in an area of meaning,
wings folded from flight -

or that swans on water glance
and settle into meaning
as thoughts and poems
on the edge of silence.

And there, how here these seven swans,
this water-world's remembered skies
hold silence, weed and living shade
within my centre of surprise.

Hobart
22 April 1960.

Virian Smith

LUTANA RISE

—#—

Out of Lutana Rise the grass waves,

Always yellow.

Heat-licked grass, where in the
winter

Washing of rain laps hollow.

#

"Ah yes," the grass says,

Nodding to the stones

(Its dark-tongued stones

And weary little flowers),

"Winter comes, we are sad with rain,
And summer leaves us fallow;

But summer's breath is forever through us,

Yellow." —#—

Grass alone on Lutana Rise

Cruelly sings in summer's breeze,

Dry-tongued round quiet telegraph poles
That grow there instead of trees;

Only grass hugs the waiting Rise,

Where the sun will turn dull brown
yellow.

—#—

I want to go out to Lutana Rise
And in rain make the warm
grass my pillow,
feeling the live ghost of Summer's
breath,
Yellow, yellow, yellow.

—#—

Christopher Koch

3rd Sept. 1960.
e

Säckburg

So oft bin ich bei Tag und Nacht
Durch Säckburgsassen still gegangen.
Auf Plätzen hab' ich lang gewacht
In Freuden und im Bangen.

Ich habe, ach, so viel geschaut
Und kommt' nie satt mich sehen;
Wie prunkvoll manches Haus gebaut!
Bewundernd blieb ich stehen.

Ich sah das Volk, das voller Fleiß
Und doch nicht hastig schafft.
Es lebt so seinem ruhigen Kreis
Und waltet sich seine Kraft.

Off hör' ich im Vorübergeln
Aus einer Kirchenpforte
Musik ganz erst herüberweln
Und Gottes Heilungsworte.

Dann lausch' ich für des Alltags
belle
Des Domes dunkle Stille ein.
Ich ruh' an dieser kühlen Quelle
Und fühl' mit Gott mich ganz
allein.

Sieburg, am 8. und 9. Oktober
1963.

Volker Raup.

ST JOHN'S PARK

Often I walk alone
Where bronze-green oaks embower
John Lee Archer's tower
Of solid Georgian stone.

Tradition is held there,
Such as a land can own
That hasn't much of one.
I care — but do I care?

Not if it means to turn
Regretful from the raw
Instant and its vow.

The past is not my law:
Queer, comical, or stern,
Our privilege is now.

James McAuley

23. XII. 1969.

Nancy, L. J. de Jersey
June 6th 1980

Cave

I remember a cave transformed, quieted
Arche looted, cragged and darkened,
Its mighty forms rocky mass glistened
and warmed of turbulent tons of killing water
Its past had smashed.

Present withdrawn and seeming calm
Now, could give only temporary ease.
Future would see its maddened temper resurge
And warning turn to lashing eternity.

I remember your cold hand in mine
Your thick overcoat, your cold cheek.
I remember your lips on my neck as we stood
Minutely centred in this massive, tortured tomb
Your muted murmur echoed my mind's discovering
Voyages of Tintagel, Merlin shaft lit caverns,
My eyes craft past feelings childhood felt,
Sought renewed dream experience amidst awed
reality
Greys sombre to silver rocked unsurpassed evocation

I remember soft, rich, carpeted sand,
patterned profusely with thousands of footprints
Other loves and loves of loves made
These marks immediate pain-faded
Of our impending natural annihilation,
Steps of passing, throbbing beings bridged
infinity

And left only hollow scoops of indent
human warmth

I remember terror, to fear, turn drowning
storming waves
to taunting spray, and I remember fear,
That hollow footsteps,
wash away.

Carol Warner de Jersey

May 1972.

For my dear husband.

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
 The body is not tenured to pleasure soul,
 Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
 Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
 O chestnut-tree, great-roaked blossomer,
 Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
 O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
 How can we know the dancer from the dance?

from "Among School Children"
 W. B. Yeats.

6th June, 1980 - the 22nd anniversary of a very
 special friendship.

Leone.

To Barrie

Yours Truly

Aug. 11. 1996

Friends are not only together when they are
side-by-side. Even one who is far away
can be close in our thoughts.

Although I have suffered much I have
still not yet lost my innermost feelings for
childhood, exquisite nature and friendships

Ludwig van Beethoven

W. 27. 7. 80.

(Pet. Becker)

27- 7. 80

From Tagore.

"Let my doing nothing, when
I have nothing to do become
untroubled in its depth of
peace like the evening in
the sea shore when the
water is silent"

R. T.

Melhi Effen

W. Ballin

Come to the edge he said
We are afraid they said
Come to the edge he said
They did - and they flew

Oct 1. 1912.